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LECTURE,

ON

THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

Daniel O'Connell.

DELIVERED IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK,

ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 11, 1856.

BY THE

MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, D.D.,

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Letter to

Rev E H Downing
of Northampton Mass

From George Loring

LECTURE.

THE Life and Times of DANIEL O'CONNELL furnish a theme for the grouping, into one subject, of the most remarkable and important public events which history has recorded as occurring at any time between the birth and the death of a public man. I regret that the task of presenting those events in a condensed and yet luminous form, has not devolved on one more competent than I am to fulfil it in a manner satisfactory to so numerous and so enlightened an audience as the one I have the honor to address. If we begin by speaking of the times of O'Connell, how wonderful are the public events which occurred under his eye, and within the range of his personal knowledge! For example, at his birth, the Catholic population of Ireland were under the inflictions of the Penal Code, which had continued for nearly ninety years, and had exercised its baneful and degrading influence on three successive generations. It combined—in its malignant foldings over every portion, so to speak, of the mind and body of the Catholics of Ireland—the strong coil of the anaconda, with the subtle sting of the scorpion. It denied them rights of property, rights of domestic order, rights of education, rights of religion—in short, it denied them every

right except that which could not be called a right, but a necessity: namely, it aimed at making them paupers, as regarded property; barbarians, in reference to science and general education; and either apostates from the Catholic faith, or adherents thereto, under the disadvantages both of pauperism and of ignorance.

Details of specific statutes on this subject would be out of place in a lecture necessarily so brief as this must be. But, I may express the whole result in the words of Edmund Burke, who was a Protestant, although he never ceased to be a lover of his Irish countrymen. He says—"It had" (that is the Penal Code) "a vicious perfection. It was a complete system—full of coherence and consistency; well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement, in them, of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Under the operation of such a system, which had been in force for more than eighty years, Daniel O'Connell was born in 1775. The sword of the American colonies was unsheathed in resistance against the oppressions of Great Britain, in that same year. O'Connell, on all public occasions, ascribed the mitigation of the Penal Code in Ireland to the successful resistance of the American patriots. In 1777 a British army in its pride of place, surrendered at Saratoga to the once despised, insulted and calumniated provincials. The Penal Code was relaxed in 1778. This relaxation was not the striking off of Ireland's fetters, but simply a lengthening, by a link or two, of the chain, which, in its stringent rivetings, had crushed her energies. It gave the Catholics power and dominion over the remnants of their property of which they had not been legally plundered, during

the three previous generations. But still they could not acquire even by this relaxation, the right to purchase, or as tenants, hold, any freehold interest.

In 1782 England was involved in war with other enemies, whose fleets rode triumphant and unopposed in the British Channel. She required 20,000 seamen, and active landsmen for her military service; and in order to obtain them from Ireland she relaxed the rigor of the Penal Code for a second time. By this relaxation she permitted the Catholics of Ireland to open schools for the education of their youth in literature and religion—after having made it a crime by her penal laws, during the previous eighty years, for any Catholic to teach, or to be taught, in Ireland or elsewhere. If want of education be a reproach to the Irish in later times, this historical fact will be sufficient to assign the reason. It reverses into a sad and literal sense, so far as the Irish are concerned, the hollow compliment of Lord Brougham to the enlightening genius of the British people, when, proclaiming the progress of education, he announced that the “schoolmaster was abroad;”—the schoolmaster had been literally “abroad” from Ireland during ninety years. His attempt to keep school or teach any person in Ireland, Protestant or Catholic, any species of literature or science, was punishable by law with banishment; and if he returned after banishment, he was subject to be hanged as a felon. Under these circumstances, it was certainly the schoolmaster’s interest to be “abroad.” But if any Catholic child, however young, was sent to any foreign country for education, such infant child incurred a corresponding penalty—that is, a forfeiture of all right to property, present or prospective.

In 1792 the French armies defeated their enemies at every point. The Netherlands were conquered, the cannon of the battle of Gemappe were heard at St. James’s, and the wisdom

of English statesmen induced them, by way of conciliating the Irish, to relax the chain of the Penal Code by an addition of two or three other links of diminished bondage. By this relaxation of the barbarous code, Catholics, for the first time in a century, might become barristers, attorneys and solicitors; they could be freemen of the lay corporations,—the grand-jury box and magistracy were open to them, and they were permitted to attain a rank as high as that of Colonel in the army,—nay, some of them were allowed the elective franchise in voting for members of parliament.

Up to this time, concessions to the great body of the Irish people were made under the direct apprehension of danger to the British Empire, from the States with which she was at war. O'CONNELL was not yet of age, but already partial freedom, from one cause and another, began to dawn on his unfortunate country. All this he had seen, and part of this he was. But besides—what astonishing events passed before his eyes, on the stage of European political, civil and commercial vicissitudes during his life. In his times there was the French Revolution, with all its widespread and terrific consequences of bloodshed, war, triumphs and defeats. He was still in France as a student, when Louis XVI. was executed on the scaffold. He witnessed some of the horrors of the revolution. He saw the priesthood of his Church slaughtered by the sanguinary multitude, unchecked by the disordered councils of the State. He witnessed, if not on the spot, the attempt to abolish Christianity, to dethrone God by denying his existence, and to substitute for the worship of the Supreme Being, a symbolical divinity, called "Human Reason,"—an attempt, the folly and stupidity of which were almost more than its blasphemy. He saw the Corsican adventurer rush into this Chaos and reduce it to partial order,—religion renovated,—the ex-

istence and worship of God re-inaugurated,—order re-established amidst what had been anarchy,—and this adventurer, as he might at first have been called, rising by the force of his genius, the power of his sword, but above all, the permission of God, to an undisputed sovereignty, not only over France, but almost over continental Europe.

O'Connell was a sincere Catholic, and the buffetings to which the Church of God during that awful period was exposed, must have affected him deeply. The Deism and political infidelity which had animated most of the cabinets of Europe, for half a century previous to the outbreak of the French Revolution, were now passing under his eye, from the theories inaugurated by Voltaire into their practical results on society. As an appropriate beginning, the Jesuits had already been suppressed, at the period of O'Connell's birth ; but he lived to see them restored, after the malignity of their enemies had been confounded and the hostile intrigues of Anti-Catholic cabinets had been broken up and scattered to the winds. The blows of infidelity reached higher marks, and he saw the head of the Church, Pius VI., dragged into exile ; and there, giving up his great soul into the hands of God. He saw Pius VII. also a captive under the hands of secular power. He saw that British government which professed, and, no doubt, professed sincerely, such hatred to the "Pope of Rome," restoring at the expense of blood and treasure the same illustrious exile, Pius VII., to the chair of St. Peter, and to the freedom which is essential to the head of the Church. He saw a successor to the throne of Louis XVI. re-established in the halls of his royal ancestors ; whilst, simultaneously, the great conqueror of Europe, who had dazzled the world by his victories, was condemned to spend the last few years of his life as a chained eagle on a desert rock in the ocean. Two subsequent monarchs of France he saw driven into exile, where

they died, unacknowledged by the great nation over whom they had reigned.

Confining his view to Great Britain and Ireland alone, he could not fail to have observed the contests of parties, changes in politics, contradictions between principles professed by either party in their modification, variation and reversals, according to different times and circumstances, and the perpetual struggle between Whigs and Tories, each for ascendancy over the other. The very changes in the royal families of Europe were awful lessons of experience, exhibited to the steady gaze of Mr. O'Connell; and no man was fitter to comprehend the deep moral and political meaning which they were so well calculated to convey.

But it is not surprising to me that Mr. O'Connell scarcely ever alluded, in his speeches or writings, to these great and terrible revolutions, which were changing from year to year the political and social condition of Europe. Burke had indulged, philosophically, in topics of this kind. But O'Connell had but two predominant ideas—*loves*: the one was the love of his country, the other of his creed,—and in his public life, these two became one and indivisible.

In a country like the United States, in which there is no distinction of creed; in a country like ours, in which all Christian denominations are equal before the law; and on an occasion like the present, it is far from agreeable to me to have to allude to rivalships or disagreements between English and Irish, or between Catholics and Protestants, among the Western Islands of Europe.

Yet I think it impossible for any one to conceive a just estimate of the character of Daniel O'Connell, who will not admit in the circumstances of his life and times, the distinction which is happily out of place in the free and independent States of the American Republic. O'Connell is by no means the only patriot

of Ireland ; but he is the only patriot who combined and absorbed into his policy the sympathetic impulses of religion and patriotism, so far as these regarded the feelings and interests of the great mass of his countrymen. Others, whose names it would be hardly necessary to mention here, have probably excelled him in rhetorical and eloquent periods of patriotism, and are entitled to the respect which is due to great talents. But they had not the key of the heart of Ireland—they pleaded and spoke under circumstances which might attest individual devotion, and acquire for them individual fame, but so far as both were concerned, they were but “as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.” O’Connell, as a mere Irish patriot, was throughout his life superior to any of the illustrious names which Ireland has been in the habit of cherishing—be they Burke, Grattan, Curran, or any of the others. He was not their inferior in statesmanship, jurisprudence or eloquence. But he was their superior so far as their country was concerned ; he was their equal or more in patriotism, and had, at the same time, by all odds, the advantage over any rivals in opening up the avenues to the heart of the Irish people. He was a Catholic statesman—they were Protestant statesmen—honorable men, if you will, but shut out from any approach to the inner doors of Irish life. O’Connell’s life, from the commencement of his public career, seems to have been influenced by the memory of two early, but perpetual dreams—the one promising a hope that he should release his countrymen from the bondage which had been entailed by what is familiarly called the “Union”—the other that he would be enabled to rescue his fellow Catholic countrymen of Ireland, and of the British dominions, from the bondage and degradation to which, before his day, they had been subjected. In accomplishing the former, he was disappointed by the brevity of human life and other circumstances.

In the latter, he succeeded, and during his life he had the happiness to see, mainly through his own exertions, the altars of Ireland, England, Scotland, and the colonies of the great British Empire, liberated from the degrading thralldom to which by iniquitous legislation they had been previously subjected.

If, with all his patriotism, he had been a Protestant, he might like others have distinguished himself by most eloquent speeches against the wrongs inflicted by the State, and in favor of the rights denied. But then he would have risen to a species of only individual notoriety, and general admiration as a patriotic rhetorician. He would have gone up as a blazing rocket, and descended as a mere stick. Catholics of hardly less powers than his have exhibited themselves in this way; and so long as they were supposed to be united to the heart of Ireland by deep and undoubted sympathies, they were successively sought to be purchased by the hostile government of their country, or—banished, or—consigned to execution. Ireland has suffered the loss of many able and profoundly patriotic men devoted to her cause, but who sacrificed themselves or even this public interest to the results of their individual aspirations, unsustained by any profound acquired sympathy with the great body of the Irish people.

O'Connell was none of these. He was a statesman as well as a patriot. He understood that in the briefest possible period he could get himself transported to the gibbet at home, or to the Penal Colony abroad, for the crime of loving or laboring for, his beloved country. But he was too much of a statesman for a blunder like this. He comprehended from the beginning, that in order to effect great and radical changes in the community, a beginning must be made under the progress of humane ideas, patiently urged and patiently waited for in their progressive

amelioration of the social and political condition of a great State. Hence, with all the natural impetuosity of his individual character, he blended the calmest and wisest philosophy of statesmanship into his policy, in arranging the relations of the *means* he intended to employ to the *end* which he was determined to accomplish. For 23 years after his admission to public life, and his recognition as a distinguished member of the Irish bar, he seems to have studied out the best means whereby to realize the dreams of his life—Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Union with England.

(Let us begin with his idea of Catholic Emancipation.

O'Connell brought no hereditary influence into the contest. He was not a Peer, he was not the son of a Peer. But he had the instinctive consciousness of greatness, which talent and immense acquirement were calculated to inspire. He wished to break the fetters that encircled the altars and the limbs of his Catholic countrymen. The task was immense. The resistance which it compelled him to regard as being necessary to overcome, was the resistance of a certain amount of wisdom on the part of the Catholic clergy of his country; the resistance of the dominant party in Ireland, the virulence of which was proverbial—the Orange party; the resistance of the stolid prejudices of the English yeomanry, so called; the resistance of all the corporations of Great Britain and Ireland, namely, the resistance of the established church; the resistance of the British navy; the resistance of the army; the resistance of the House of Commons—all of them bound by an oath to oppose the idea of Catholic emancipation; the resistance of the House of Lords; the resistance of Peel and Wellington, and Anglesey, and Lord Lyndhurst, and I will say, last, but not least, the resistance of the British monarch himself—George the Fourth. O'Connell comprehended,

therefore, what he should have to encounter, and, as I have said before, he began, and partially and prudently laid out his project, which was to collect a few, to speak into their ears words of patriotism, of truth, and of justice; and as he began the emancipation of the Catholics of the British empire, you can easily understand what discouragement it was that he could scarcely get what was called a house to hear him, and a house in those days meant ten persons of an audience; and yet undismayed, when he found only eight he was not discouraged, but rushed into the street, caught two passers-by and brought them in; and then he began that agitation which finally triumphed over the apathy of his countrymen, over the virulence of his Orange enemies, over the antagonism of the British Parliament and the prejudices of the British people—finally over the Commons, the Lords, the Cabinets and monarchs, till that same George the Fourth, with an oath of blasphemy, was compelled—it was not voluntary—to sign the act by which O'Connell emancipated the Catholic subjects of his empire, in spite of his opposition and all the opposition he could marshal.

— I was myself among those for many years, and even till recently, who thought that credit should have been given much more than O'Connell ever awarded, to Wellington and Peel, on the subject of Catholic emancipation; but a more intimate acquaintance with documents of recent publication satisfies me that they yielded most reluctantly. And when we consider the question of triumph, in a contest, the parties to which are so unequal—an individual on one side, and an empire on the other—and consider the means by which that triumph was brought about, it would be worthy of any statesman to study well the tactics of Daniel O'Connell, as a statesman and a politician. This is the only solitary case in history in which an individual has been able to accomplish such great results by means entirely moral and religious.

You are all aware of those maxims of which he was the author; how he used to say things which impatient and hot-blooded young patriots could not bear, namely, that "a crime ought not to be committed;" that "the law of God was the best guide for the patriot;" that "whoever commits a crime, gives strength to the enemy." In short, he went so far as to say—though it is not to be imagined that he meant it in a literal sense, but figuratively, and for the benefit of his own impetuous countrymen—"that no political amelioration was worth the shedding of one drop of blood." This, of course, was exaggeration; but taking into account that he had to begin to instruct the people, that the circle composed of ten auditors repeated what he said—that the newspapers took it up—that little by little that circle enlarged its circumference, till it reached the most remote population of the whole island—you must consider, also, that those poor people, during so long a period of bondage, had been utterly unaccustomed to the discussion of political questions in any thing like a popular form—O'Connell's task, the most delicate ever statesman undertook to perform, was to excite his countrymen up to a certain point of interest and zeal, and then to restrain their impetuosity, lest it might go too far; for during the whole of his life he was watched by a thousand argus eyes of the law—watched in his conduct, in his language, to see when, and where, and how it would be possible for government to throw an Attorney-General's noose around his neck, and bring him to the brief end to which others were consigned before him; but those he avoided, and if you will understand those maxims which he employed so frequently, you will perceive that these were maxims of wisdom, but furnishing no evidence that he himself was a coward—he was not a man destitute of nerve and bravery; but he was a wise man, and he knew, that, having excited up to a certain point of

interest his countrymen, then it became his duty to restrain and guide; because, if at any moment he had said the word, they were, brave and impetuous people as they are, more ready for the battle than for base retreat.

It would be impossible to dilate upon the various prominent points in the personal life of Daniel O'Connell. I have already, I fear, exhausted your patience, and must bring the portion of my remarks that remains to a close. O'Connell entered public life in the year 1800. His first public speech was against the Union. He was one of the first young lawyers professing the Catholic religion who made their appearance at the bar, and, for a long time, he was hated by the hostile judges and shunned by his fellow counsel. But it was remarked that while he was not lucratively employed, he was, to use the language of one of his fellow barristers, "bottling up" with great industry and economy, legal knowledge wherewith to perplex those same presidents on the bench and their colleagues.

In a little time he began to acquire a reputation at the bar, and for twenty-three years he continued the profession of the law, deriving from it an income of from four to five thousand pounds a year. In the mean time, with that impetuosity of natural temperament which belonged to him, and with that fearlessness which distinguished his character, he had incurred the displeasure of not a few among his rivals; and in consequence of having spoken once disrespectfully of the Corporation of Dublin, he had to meet one of its members. That was D'Esterre. They met in the barbarous duel, and D'Esterre fell at the hands of O'Connell. This event was one of the subjects of regret to that great, religious man, up to the period of his death. It is true that at the same time, or soon after, he accepted another challenge from Mr. Peel, afterwards Sir Robert Peel; and

they had arranged to meet first in Ireland, then on the Continent; but the future Minister contrived, or it was contrived for him, that one or the other should be arrested in Dublin and in London, and he never kept his engagement. I mention these circumstances simply to show that O'Connell had nothing in his nature of what the world sometimes calls "the white feather." He was not afraid of any thing, but he was a wise man, and after a brief period from the time of his duel with D'Esterre, he recorded a vow in heaven that he would never accept a challenge from any one; and many a poltroon, in his after life, both in the British Parliament and elsewhere, took advantage of his vow to insult him, knowing very well that they were exempt from the retribution which he would otherwise have inflicted.

Mr. O'Connell has been variously represented by many persons. Some, taking up the pages of calumny which his enemies published, looked upon him as a species of monster. Those who knew him well, knew that he was a highly refined and accomplished gentleman—a man of eminent talents—a man of the most enlarged and benevolent feelings as a philanthropist. During his practice at the bar, whenever those same Orange enemies of his had a difficult cause to manage in the Four Courts of Dublin, Daniel O'Connell was their man. They selected him and were never disappointed.

In the mean time, and whilst O'Connell was laboring with patience, and under the greatest disadvantages, for five and six and ten years, to accomplish the great end of his life, he did not postpone the opportunity of doing good to others, simply because he could not as yet realize the darling object near his heart. In 1826 a bill for the repeal of the Test and Corporation acts—which was a bill for the relief, not of Catholics at all, but of those Protestants of the British empire who did not belong to

the established church—that is to say, of the dissenters—was before Parliament—and although O'Connell and his countrymen were still themselves in fetters, he, by the advice of his spiritual director, Mr. Lestrange, got up a petition, signed by 800,000 Catholics, and sent it to the table of Parliament, where it reversed the decision of the ministers, and enabled him and his Catholic countrymen to see their Protestant fellow-citizens of the empire, the dissenters, emancipated before themselves. Afterwards when, in fine, he was admitted, and when the restrictions which had been imposed upon Catholics were reluctantly relieved, you find O'Connell and all his influence going to enlarge the liberties of the British people. I speak of the reform of Parliament, which had been the object of desire with many parties for more than half a century, and which would not have been granted probably till this day, had it not been for Daniel O'Connell. They speak of the changes that have occurred, but who is there that can appreciate them? And since he has passed from this life and is gone, and men enjoy the benefits of his labors, how few there are who appreciate, at their proper value, the sacrifices of toil and care and talents of that great man for the accomplishment of the ends he had in view, and of the advantages of which they are now in the enjoyment! Before O'Connell's time every Catholic was in the condition of a serf. Before O'Connell's time they were all looked upon with contempt. No doubt, the result of his labor was to excite perhaps more sharp hostility, as against rivals, because he took that population, that third of the British empire—seven millions and a half of people—he took them in the palm of his 'gigantic hand, and placed them on an equality with their fellow-citizens. Before his time the Duke of Norfolk had no right, was incompetent to discharge the office of a common constable, and what was true of him was

true of all the glorious old Catholic nobility of England. But O'Connell, by his own exertions, and amidst great discouragement, raised them up to an equality of which they and their successors are still in the enjoyment. Were they grateful? It is not worth while to inquire. A man who is conscious of a right and noble purpose need not look for gratitude. Let him do his duty. O'Connell did this, and did it in a manner that reflected honor upon his nature as a man, and the religion he professed as a Christian. I have this to say of O'Connell, that, from the beginning to the end of his life, never has he given one solitary counsel which any human being has had reason to regret. No wife was made a widow—no child was made an orphan, by the advice of O'Connell; because he took religion for his guide, and for the first time in the history of the world, he applied moral means for the acquisition of all that the constitution afforded.

It might be said that he was tricky; for instance, when the British Parliament set their minds to work to see how they could best suppress his Catholic association, they passed a bill, called at the time, the Algerine Act, because its object was contrary to all constitutional right. It prohibited the continuance of any political association during more than a period of fourteen days. Now, here was an unconstitutional enactment, and there was an honest man—was he bound to submit to that enactment? As far as it was law, and he was a prudent man—he submitted; but he understood the Act better than its framers, and turned it against them and to his own account; because, instead of having one association permanent in Dublin—the law allowing fourteen days—he multiplied his associations over the island, each of them remaining in session thirteen days. Now this is to my mind an evidence that an eminent lawyer, who un-

derstands the fundamental principles, the elements of a constitution, can go behind a hasty enactment, and, if the legislator is ignorant or faithless in regard to its principles, to take advantage of his legislative blunder. But this was not the only case; in fact, during that time there was a contest between the wiseacres of St. Stephen's and O'Connell; and after they had clubbed their heads together to make laws to put him down, the story was next day in the papers that he had found a means of driving a coach-and-four through their statutes.

Daniel O'Connell was not a bigot in religion—he was a liberal Catholic. Do not misunderstand me—my idea of a liberal Catholic is one who is sincere and faithful in the profession of his faith, but who recognizes in every other human being the same right that he claims for himself; but in modern times a liberal Catholic has come to be understood as a man who makes no distinctions between one creed and another. O'Connell was none of those: he believed in his religion, and from the period of his unfortunate duel to the close of his life, he combined the edification of a practical Catholic in his private moral life with the highest duties of a politician and a statesman, and that is what scarcely any other public man that I have read of has ever accomplished before. In short, O'Connell was one of those men whom the world—that is, the foreign world—could hardly comprehend, from the calumnies that were heaped upon him. I remember him in two or three circumstances of private life, and it may perhaps relieve the tedium of this long harangue if I allude to them. The first time I met him was in London, and I was introduced with a determination to have a struggle with him on a certain question—that was on the asperity, I thought, with which he spoke of certain social institutions in this country, and I told him, after the ordinary introduction, “You are

not surprised, Mr. O'Connell, that while you have many friends in America, you have some who are much displeased with certain of your public remarks." And he asked, "Which?" "Well, I replied, "they think you are too severe upon an institution for which the present generation, or the present government of America, is by no means responsible—I mean slavery." He paused, and said, "It would be strange, indeed, if I should not be the friend of the slave throughout the world—I, who was born a slave myself." He silenced me, although he did not convince me. I afterwards heard him in the House of Commons, and there he was, the great, grave senator. You would suppose he had been brought up from childhood an Englishman, he was so calm and unimpassioned.

But he was listened to with profound respect. I heard him again at one of those "Monster Meetings," as they were called, at Donnybrook. He had been preceded by several able and clever orators; for Ireland, and especially the City of Dublin, is seldom deficient in able orators. When he spoke, it was like casting oil upon the troubled waters. Those who had preceded him had aroused and awakened the passions of that crowd of not less than two hundred thousand people. But when he spoke he stilled their stormy passions, and allowed them all to go home in good humor.

At another time I had the honor of being invited to dine at his table. Nothing extraordinary occurred until after the dessert, when a little group of his grandchildren—I suppose—were permitted to enter. They closed around him just as some of his political satellites, but with the innocence of childhood. He had a hand for each; one clinging to his shoulder, another climbing upon his knee. And he had an epithet of tenderness, varied from one to the other, which surprised me more than any elo-

quence I ever heard. In the language of the continent of Europe, there are diminutive epithets of tenderness, but I never dreamed that they belonged to the English language, until I heard them from the lips of O'Connell.

I met him again on another occasion, in London, at a large dinner party, where there were a number of Members of Parliament, and distinguished members of the Catholic nobility. He was near the lady who presided. Towards the end of the entertainment, a very warm discussion sprung up at the opposite extreme of the table, on a question with which they all at first seemed to be perfectly familiar, but in reference to which, the more they discussed it, the more they seemed to become involved in cloud and fog. The dispute had reference to a character in one of Mr. Cooper's novels (*The Pioneer*), named Leatherstocking, and the specific part which the novelist had made him play in the work just alluded to, and when they were fairly "at their wits' end" (O'Connell in the mean time conversing with the lady of the house), a reference was, by common consent, made to him. After hearing both sides, he commenced to stake out the whole subject. He began with the beginning, traced the characters, distinguished one from the other time and place, till at last they all wondered;—and one said, "how is it, Mr. O'Connell, that you, who have to govern Ireland, and who have to meet the Tories in Parliament, and do this, and do that—how is it that you are so perfect in a matter of this kind?" He said—and I mention it for the benefit, perhaps, of some young person who may be engaged now or hereafter, in the same career—he said, "it is probably owing to this, that the habit of my life has been, to arrange all matter of knowledge according to chronology; that is, to see the order of time in which the events took place. As a lawyer, said he, during the period when I have de-

voted seventeen hours daily to my profession, I always began by studying the chronology of the case—what thing took place first—what the next—until at last it has become such a practice with me, that although I just glanced over that novel of Mr. Cooper's, it has fixed itself upon my mind as if it were a law case."

Such, but very imperfectly presented, was Mr. Daniel O'Connell. I do not say that he had not his faults; I do not say that he was infallible, either as a politician or a statesman; but I do say that, "take him for all in all," Ireland never produced his equal before, and, I fear, never will again. And I say further that, be they few in number or be they many, I, at least, shall ever claim to be one of those who cherish a profound respect, under every point of view, for the illustrious memory of the great "liberator" of Ireland.

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